

# WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART



Miss Eleanor Lamson, Terra cotta portrait by Janet Scudder, on exhibition at Macbeth Studios.

MISS ELEANOR M. BARNARD, an English watercolorist, really should be pensioned by the British Government, she makes a fine report, in her portraits, of the young people of her nation. Probably the Government, just as soon as pressing business of the moment can be disposed of, will do her this justice. That is a fine and loyal part for an artist to play, you know, to represent his or her country well in foreign parts.

Miss Barnard has portraits of American children also in her exhibition at Kneaders, and does very well by them too, but it is in the English specimens, healthy, wide eyed and rosy cheeked, that one looks first. Miss Barnard apparently refuses to do any but handsome children, and at home she has had the pick of them, beginning with H. R. H. Princess Mary, who has reached the age when she will probably be grievously wounded at being listed among the children—we trust Miss Barnard will not show her these few lines—on down to a poor little beggar child, creeping through a doorway, wrapped in a great shawl, poor but good looking.

All of these children one instantly loves. This part you may show to the Princess, Miss Barnard! One quite forgets to be an art critic in the great longing that comes over one to know "Katharine, daughter of Edward Buchanan, Esq., "Arthur, son of the late Capt. Hugh Middleton, R. N., and "David, son of the Hon. Major Hamilton Russell." Children like these are too wonderful. And when one recollects that

place in the ranks of the impressionists and he did a great deal in the early days when that was a cause that had to be fought for in making it popular in America. Just which class of the impressionists he is to be placed in does not matter. He probably would not ask himself, to be in Class I, with Manet and Monet, nor even in Class II, with Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley and Guillaumin, although there are plenty of authentic Renard and Sisley canvases that are distinctly inferior to good Childe Hassam landscapes. A follower in the ranks must be content when the cause wins. All cannot be generals in the army. And the cause of impressionism was gloriously won long ago.

Mr. Hassam uses the conventional palette of the impressionists and uses it well, with full sense of its possibility to make colors sparkle. His pictures are always pleasant as color. His weakness is an inability to draw the figure, and when his exhibitions are largely given over to figure subjects, as this year's is, then his friends and well wishers grow alarmed. He ignores Leonardo da Vinci's precept: "When representing a human figure or some graceful animal be careful to avoid a wooden stiffness." Leonardo would have been highly scandalized at the methods of some Pecksniffian drawing masters who a generation ago taught unfortunate pupils to "block in" the human figure and never taught them how to get the blocks out again. "Blocking in" is a dreadful process, but it is passing, and happy will we be when it shall have quite passed.

The figure piece we like best, and we like it very much, is the one entitled "The Couch on the Porch." It has the minimum of figure, the lady upon the couch goes from you in perspective, just a few touches indicate the lady, and the maximum of red couch, in pleasant brilliant reds. This and "The Breakfast Room in the Old House" are his two best. Apparently Mr. Hassam has been living in this old house somewhere in New England during the summer, for the delightful old building gives him many motifs for his supplementary show of pastels and watercolors, "Gressur Loing," "On the Marne" and "The Fisherman, the Marne" evidently date from another summer. These are extremely successful little water colors, with the full measure of daring and the unexpectedness of improvisation which charm in this medium.

"After all not to create only" but to rally around the flag, boys! I confess I took almost as much pleasure in thinking of the joy that the youthful adherents and followers of Mr. Henri will take in this artist's new Chinese, Mexican, Indian pictures as in the more obvious first fact that Mr. Henri's new canvases are the strongest that he has shown for some years. Mr. Henri is to be congratulated. Mr. Macbeth is to be congratulated. Mr. Macbeth will say "I told you so." Mr. Henri will say modestly "I can do still better" and the boys will say "Ain't they great?" There will be sufficient glory, as Admiral Schley remarked upon a similar occasion to go all around, so you boys must not take more than your share. Mr. Henri, who has been wowing the muse in Spain and Ireland recently with

nothing in the way of vividness of coloring left out. The stay at home will also wish to see Tam Gan, a fat woman, terrifying in her Chinese sleekness; Yen Tsidi, the Indian brave, with feathers and a pure vermilion blanket, and Ramon the Mexican, who smiles and shows his gold tooth. The passion in this painting mystifies us because the soul, the secret, the representative quality, call it what you will, has not been sought for. Why get in a passion over the husks, the shell?

There is nothing of the sort of thing here that Lafcadio Hearn dug and died for in Japan. Who could forget the exquisite little lady who called with smiling lips upon Lafcadio's family, smilingly saying good-by, although she knew she was saying good-by for ever, her physician having warned her of the imminence of death? Who could read the little sketch without a pang of illumination into a whole nation's refinement? Or reading, forget?

Have you read Parkman's "Oregon Trail"? Something about Indians in it. Indians in action. Indians on the job. Splendid that it has been written, splendid that a monument to so natural and poetic a race has been secured for all time. Read it, do. Since that day

instances enough in history to show that those who achieved greatness, for the most part, aimed at it. Turner may or may not have been an intensely disagreeable person in the flesh, but there was no doubt in his own mind as to what he was after. He did the "Liber Studiorum" avowedly to eclipse the sketch book of Claude Lorraine, and he commanded that his pictures should be hung side by side with Claude's in the National Gallery. There never was a minute that he was not considering Claude, and he scarcely thought at all of and certainly took scant pleasure in eclipsing the feeble contemporaries who he knew would be speedily forgotten.

Leo Mielzner, who achieved fame by immortalizing the few but glorious moments in which the Hon. William St. John got upon the gubernatorial chair of this State, has an exhibition of sanguine, charcoal and silver point portrait drawings in the galleries of Kennedy & Co.

Mr. Mielzner has expended his talent for portraiture equally upon children, adults and college professors and always with the same earnest search for character. We are inclined to like best that youthful candidate, designated

Building, or the St. Gaudens Diana on the Tower, while the dusty tramps who take the air in that oasis of green amid skyscrapers gathered around, forgetting their sorrows in watching the progress of a work of art. These works of art of Mr. Needham's were rather literal, and however much they pleased the street stragglers, they did not please the art judges of our academies, who had the choice of paintings of a literalness, we've been told, that was far beyond Mr. Needham's powers. His were literal, but not so literal as others.

Being rejected, Mr. Needham withdrew upon himself, and the rebuff, with its consequent self-questioning, self-communion and private aspiration, taught him really to seek to please himself in art. Say what you like, many a sound talent has been ruined by an unfortunate submission to a course of cheap admiration. We are not so unwise as to ask young people to rush into trouble that they may be improved thereby, for we know no one of good health and sense would do such a thing, but we do say if trouble drops upon you it's sure to do you good, and after you have got well over it you are mighty glad to have had the experience. Most of Mr. Needham's new works



Indian Brave, by Robert Henri, on exhibition at Macbeth Galleries.

and provoke the desire for its acquaintance in the others.

## ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

The Association of Women Painters and Sculptors which announces that its annual exhibition of small pictures and sculptures will be held at the Arlington Galleries, Madison Avenue, near Fort Street, from November 21 to December 26, will take part in the work of relieving the sufferers from the European war. A deduction of 5 per cent. will be made from all sales and the fund collected will be donated to the Red Cross.

One of the unusual features of the exhibition will be to show designs for post cards, the aim being to improve the artistic standard of these popular views of interesting places in New York. A prize of \$50 will be given by Mrs. Helen Foster Barnett for the best piece of sculpture and another of \$50 is offered for the best group of pictures. An innovation will be a prize given for the best picture in the exhibition designated by a popular vote.

Miss Janet Scudder is in charge of the sculpture this year and Miss Mary H. Tanahill will supervise the exhibition of the pictures. Most of the members will have specimens of their work on view.

Director John W. Beatty of the department of fine arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, announces that a joint exhibition of painting and sculpture by Robert Vonnoh and Jessie Potter Vonnoh has been opened, to continue until December 6.

Mr. Vonnoh is represented by sixty paintings, including portraits, landscapes and decorative arrangements. The group portrait of the late Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and her three daughters is in the present collection, besides portraits of Charles Francis Adams, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Mrs. Vonnoh's group consists of thirty-one bronzes, including "Rhetorized," "Motherhood," "The Dance," "The Scarf," "An Ideal," "Butterflies," "A Chance Acquaintance," "In Grecian Draperies," "A Sketch," "Girl Dancing," and a bust of Mrs. Francis B. Sayre. This collection will be shown in the Art Institute of Chicago after the exhibition in Pittsburgh.

In the meeting house of the Society for Ethical Culture at 11 A. M. tomorrow Alfred W. Martin will deliver his lecture on the Altiman collection in the Metropolitan Museum, taking for his subject Andrea Mantegna, "Madonna with Child and Saints." On Monday morning, November 23, Mr. Martin will speak on the Renaissance paintings of the collection. These lectures will be illustrated with lantern slides.

We have been permitted to quote from a letter recently received by Mr. Braun of the Berlin Photographic Company, which contains some great names. It is in part as follows:

"I have had it greatly on my conscience not writing to thank you for your charming books and letter. I have but one excuse, the mental stress and vagueness caused by the war, which is hardly ever absent from one's thoughts. The last three months have seemed a year; weeks count for more than months, and the march of events has affected my memory and vitality. When I read about 'eating yellow satin' and the color of one's moods and thoughts, sage green, &c., I felt as one used when reading about persons and conversations in the eighteenth century, when the world was safe and more powerful."

"I do not think you people in America quite realize what we feel when Belgian savants like Pottier, well known sculptors like Rodin, or a poet like Verhaeren start crying in the course of conversation about what has happened or disappeared. Rousseau says there are no villages, townships or clusters of country homes left in huge tracts of Belgium; that their past has been wiped out in the country and will be found, if left, in big cities only. Minne, the sculptor, is in Wales. I believe his studio and life work have vanished."

"I now avoid newspapers, reading content with the posters. I feel that when all this is over the world will have changed so utterly that I shall feel an old man, and if I could I would pack up and go to Samoa or some place under a tropical sky where white men are scarce. I fear that all this is very dull, but there are dull times in life just as there is winter, hence my long silence."

"One curious and unforeseen result of the war is the cheapness of all luxuries from grapes to pianolas; of course this has affected every kind of art and artist, and we are as cheap as sprats in season. The theatres are hardly able to keep open, otherwise the country seems more prosperous and safer than ever."

"The secretary of the Art Theatre of Moscow told me that war was certain



"Tam Gan," by Robert Henri, on exhibition in the Macbeth Galleries.

the Indian sun has almost set. The beaten people know they are beaten and for the most part live pitifully upon our "bounty." It is a horrid story from some points of view, but like all true stories of great fights has an invigorating and useful thrill for the spectator. Here and there in the West a flash of the old time spirit gleams occasionally from the dusk with a real echo of the former nobility; just as in Tangier there are Moors who dance and sing nightly, for pay, at a of their glorious and historic "victory" over the Spaniards, forgetting entirely the subsequent and complete successes of the hated rival.

It is all "material for the artist," the episode of grandeur which can still be seen by poets, and the sorry decline from the former standard that now hangs about the railway station. The failure is just as interesting as a Walt Whitman as a success. All that is required is an interpretation.

The sum of our feeling in regard to Mr. Henri's new work is that it will have immediate but not a lasting success with the public. These are all interesting people that he shows us, that silly and wicked Jim Lee, the little dolls of Chinese girls, the brown Mexican and the Indian in feathers. We would all pop our heads out of the windows in a life to see them and would part with them reluctantly as the train moved on again, wishing that we might know positively whether that doll was a good little Chinese girl or a bad little Chinese girl, and all sorts of things like that. We get cross at ourselves afterward for not having descended from the train to find out, and we grow annoyed at clever Mr. Henri, who might have found out more about these people, but didn't.

Mr. Henri can and will no doubt win a harvest of prizes with his Indians this year. To win a prize in the public exhibitions nowadays one does not have to compete with Goya and Holbein. We don't mean that in any unkind spirit. We have an admiration for the earnestness of Mr. Henri which we have many times publicly avowed, but we cannot suppress the desire to extend our admiration.

It is easy to win a series of prizes in the string of exhibitions that dot across our country, because all our artists, good, bad and indifferent, if they live long enough and play the game properly, win them. The prizes mean nothing except the emolument and the trifling "ad" that go with them. They have nothing to do with one's permanent reputation. For that we must keep an eye on Goya and Holbein.

Mr. Henri himself will not object to such a statement so much as will "the boys." Nothing annoys our young people so much as this constant harking back to the great names. Yet there are

in the catalogue as "Joe" who looks you straight and fearlessly in the eye, and who, if he ever becomes Governor of the State, will, we trust, hold the too longer than Mr. Salter. The lithograph of a young person named "Honey" is not without its charm, and "Dan" is a slight sketch of an extremely new baby who seems quite convinced that he intends to grow up.

Among the already grown up are three who are conspicuous in the art: Alexander Buel Trowbridge, the architect; Bryson Burroughs, the painter; and Frank Jewell Mather, the critic. All are forceful personalities. Among the lady sisters have been Mrs. Herbert Baer, Miss Perry and Mrs. Albert Rosenthal. Mrs. Rosenthal is drawn in both sanguine and charcoal, with great spirit, and the artist has been especially successful in reducing that difficult problem the modern feminine hat to terms.

No greater contrast to Mr. Henri's Indians could have been secured than in terra cotta of New York ladies, and consequently it was wise of Mr. Macbeth to have secured them. While Mr. Henri has been scouring the plains for a funny word—Louis Quinze drawing rooms. Whether Mr. Henri fortified himself for this task by drinking fire water and whether Miss Scudder consumed untold quantities of tea we do not know, nor care. All that concerns us is the result, which is highly instructive.

There are Americans and Americans, you know. It is difficult to make ourselves believe that the wonderful Miss Marjorie Curtis and the equally wonderful Tom De Qui (Water of Antelope Lake) speak the same language, yet they do. How to explain this apparent anomaly to French friends or English cousins we cannot say. Why explain it? As Mrs. Mabel Dodge says, let them "feel" it. Wouldn't it be amusing to send Mr. Henri's Indians and Miss Scudder's swells to London next year together? They'd be puzzled over there, but impressed.

Charles Austin Needham shows fifteen canvases in the Daniel Gallery that will win him respect. They may not all be quickly appreciated by him who runs, for they are clearly in the imaginative class, in the elusive, shadowy, misty vein, with kinship to Ryder and Blake. People who like such pictures at all are apt to grow to like them very much, but they are a bit difficult at first.

Mr. Needham has exhibited before in New York, but not work of this character. He used to be one of those who might be frequently seen in Madison Square Park painting the Flatiron

are moonlight, with usually something haunting or weird about them. They seem like the spot on which the Edgar Allan Poe story happened. His color is melodic and his best asset. Often in some of his best pictures a tree trunk seems unnecessarily too thin in paint and in each picture there is a spot or a line that one would wish different, but that may be because the pictures are new to us. We doubt, for instance, if there are many picture shops in the world that would have accepted for exhibition the picture called "Dawn" for the seated figure is certainly vague. But at a distance even this sceptic was forced to admit that the color of the thing sang down music.

The Maison Ad. Braun et Cie. is Spanish this week, the gallery being completely filled with bright water colors of Spain by Arthur Byrne. Mr. Byrne is an architect, so Mr. Ortiz has explained, and as an architect of Mr. Neville, whose sketches of Manhattan made such a success in these galleries last year.

Mr. Byrne has been journeying extensively in Spain and some of the loveliest places in that country give him his subjects. He paints with a brilliant palette and we trust we may be understood when it is stated that he paints more like a painter than like an architect. He has been interested in the skies, in the people and in the life, as well as in facades. The color in Spain, as every one knows, is glaringly gay, and the artist has not been afraid of it.

He has been to both Salamanca and Avila, those gems of cities, and has felt what is an unescapable charm in those places, the way in which the cathedrals and other great buildings fit the hills upon which they are planted. The cathedral of Segovia is not only similar in inspiration to that of Salamanca, but has its wonderful fashion of capping and continuing the lines of the hill, so that it seems less a work of art than a spontaneous natural growth. Salamanca is all in golden browns. Never was there such a golden city, and Mr. Byrne has drawn it from the river bed, which in summer is dry enough to sit on, and from which he obtains the best view of the old Roman bridge and the cathedral towering above the brown houses.

Some of our favorites are these: "Vigo, from the Bay" with rows of boats in the harbor waters in bright blues and greens; "Puerta de la Gloria, Santiago Cathedral," with parts of the door at least in as strong and "Short hand" a manner as Sargent's "The City of Segovia," "Toledo from Across the Tagus" and "Old Visigothic Columns in an Avila Posada." But the Moorish arches and gardens, the fountains and market places, aristocratic dual doorways and Median tenements will give great pleasure to those who know Spain



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The view of Central Park, from a painting by Childe Hassam.

Miss Barnard shows us only one flash from these eyes that must be so rich in flashes, one yow—but I vow I shan't tell you what I vowed.

The humanity and naturalness of this artist's portraits almost makes us forget that we have of disagreement. We cannot persuade ourselves to approve of portraits in water color that approach the size of life. When they are as large as that then we grieve. It's merely a feeling for the medium. Some people like etchings a yard high and a yard wide, but we don't. We prefer their small. Watercolors also have to be marvelous to be forgiven when big. It's probably the dear, misguided public fault, that is never so much pleased as when it is forcing an artist to work in a medium in the style of another. "Stim milk," as the astute Buttercup remarked, "sometimes acts as cream," but water colors never can be substituted satisfactorily for oils. The thing is to make the public see it. I should feel it to be a great triumph in the cause of water colors if some American client of Miss Barnard's were to say to her, "I should like the portrait of my Harold to be a small one and very water colorish."

We are caught in the position of having admired Childe Hassam's water colors in the Water Color Club last week and not being able to admire unworshipfully his oils that are now exposed to view in the Montross Galleries. This is an apparent inconsistency, but our readers may already see that it is not a real one. In the public exhibition the artist shines by comparison with his less experienced confreres; in "one man show," an artist all alone confronts the great world and challenges comparison with the world's best. It is a totally different proposition. Childe Hassam is not a new man asking for a trial. He has long held an honorable

fitful success, has worked in southern California during the past season and now has the air of having discovered a new country in having discovered his own. It is impossible to acquire in one short season in Ireland the rich brogue of a J. M. Synge or a Frederick James Gregg, and in returning thence with his spoils Mr. Henri must have felt this. The pupils, who are loyal or nothing, enthused as usual over the Irish blarney strokes, but the great wide world clamored for the brogue, and being denied passed along.

This time they will linger. Our artist may not have studied these types to which he calls our attention as deeply as Leonardo studied Mona Lisa, nor even with the sympathy and insight of a Bret Harte, to get nearer to our locality, but he has been violently stirred, it is clear, by their strangeness, and has expressed his emotion, incoherently perhaps, but with such great passion that the public will be surely impressed.

We say "incoherently perhaps" because we ourselves cannot see the reason for the passion. After all not one of this wild coterie tells you a secret. The young Indian has been commissioned to dress up in his feathers, that is all, and he does so. The little Chinese girl has been persuaded, no doubt against her will, to put on her pale blue dress that is edged with vine color. Even the old reprobate of a Chinaman, Jim Lee, seeing coins flash, smiles a smile "that is neither childlike nor bland and also poses. They pose."

One succeeds the other quickly and the gaudy colors are slammed upon the canvas. There is nothing reported that the ordinary tourist doesn't see. The ordinary tourist who has seen these Mexicans and Indians skulking about the railway stations in the far West will be glad to see them again, with

four days before it occurred. He got back safely to Sweden, but poor little Karsavina had to travel through Prussia with other refugees, huddled in cattle trucks, and had to sleep in slaughter houses and goods train trucks, &c. I have thought of this over the performance of Hardy's "Tess" as it is to be part read, part acted, on the new Russian lines. Many of the Russian dancers are still stranded in London. Yesterday the Japanese actress Mme. Hanako was acting exquisitely in butterfly tragedies and grasshopper comedies to an empty house."

Owing to the fact that the Board of Education will not open the public lecture centres on Thanksgiving evening two of the courses of public lectures on art now in progress will not be continued until next week. These are the courses being delivered by John Quincy Adams on "Art and Daily Life" and Louis Weinberg of the College of the City of New York on "Modern Artists and Their Message."

On Tuesday evening Alexander T. Van Laer will conclude his course of lectures on "The History of Painting" at the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West, with a lecture on "Paintings at the Metropolitan." This course will be followed next week with a course on "Italian Art" which will be delivered by Alfred W. Martin, associate leader of the Ethical Culture Society. The opening lecture on December 1 will be upon "Art in Relation to Human Life."

Mrs. Charles Seymour Whitman, wife of the Governor-elect, is having her portrait painted by William Paul Schumacher, who is a modern American painter of the Post-Impressionist School. He has worked in Paris for a number of years and has been in New York for the last two winters. He is a strong painter, particularly interested in brilliancy and purity of color, as now understood by the modern school, through the secret use of the laws of color contrast, harmonies and vibrations. Mr. Schumacher uses all these with individuality of expression, and is known for his decorative flower panels. He has exhibited in Boston, Chicago and New York, and has been most favorably noticed by many of the art critics as one of the "coming men."

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